

A FOUL VILLA'S MEN

by
Capt.
George B.
Rodney

SYNOPSIS.

Automobile of Miss Dorothy Upton and friend, Mrs. Fane, breaks down at New Mexico border patrol camp, commanded by Lieutenant Kynaston. The two women are on way to mine of Miss Upton's father, located a few miles across the Mexican border. Kynaston leaves women at his camp while he goes with a detail to investigate report of Villa gun runners. Villa troops drive small force of Carranza across border line and they surrender to Kynaston. Dorothy and Mrs. Fane still at camp when Kynaston returns with prisoners. Illust Mexican priest appears in camp, and claims interned Mexicans have in the spoils brought across the line a wonderful emerald bell stolen from a shrine by Zapata and taken from him by Carranza troops. Priest is searching for the emerald in order to return it to the shrine. Kynaston finds jewel and reports to department headquarters. Major Updyke appears from headquarters to take charge of village, captured priest and emerald bell disappear. Kynaston slips across border with one man to aid Upton family surrounded by Villistas. The villa, supply runs short. The defenders kill some of their besiegers, among them an important officer. Mexicans go mad. They demand sacrifices of man who killed officer. Both Upton and Kynaston had fired it, so they play poker to decide which shall surrender and thus save lives of others besieged. Kynaston loses and prepares to offer himself to enemy.

Holy Writ says there is no greater love than the sacrifice of one's life to save another's. But in real life do you believe that a man would deliberately throw his life away in order to save the life of the father of the girl he loves—especially when the old father stood willing and ready to enter the Valley of the Shadow? You will be much interested in Lieutenant Kynaston's problem, described in this installment.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

Well, it would not take long. It would be over in twenty-four hours, unless—a horrible thought came to him—those men below, whose prisoner he would be in two hours, were savages in the rough; savages with the blood-lust fairly aroused and inflamed by defeat.

He had heard tales of torture among the prisoners that he had seen at Nogales—horrible tales!

The thought of having to go without even saying farewell to Dorothy unnerved him for a moment, but he realized his own limitations, and he knew that in that last moment he would betray himself. So down he sat at the table and wrote two short notes; one to his colonel, in which he explained the whole affair, and the other to the sister that lived in a quiet little Maryland town among the placid back eddies of the eastern shore.

Kynaston, his notes written, filled the clip of the automatic and slipped it into his boot-leg, where its flat frame would be most likely to lie undetected.

A moment later Upton came into the room. His face was gray with suppressed feeling and his gaunt frame showed unmistakable suffering. In the few minutes that had passed since Kynaston had left him the whole tragedy of the next twenty-four hours had been brought home to him.

"I can't let you go, boy," he said hoarsely. "We had better take our chance. Bring your men on over across the border."

The appeal was almost overwhelming in its intensity.

"Don't you know that it means your life?"

"I know. But it means war if I do; and, Upton, as God is my judge, I cannot start a war that will involve the country to save my own skin. You see that, don't you?"

Upton licked his dry lips.

"When—when do you mean to leave?" he asked.

"Right now."

Kynaston's face was pale.

"Are the ladies in the back room?"

"Yes, I'll go with you to the door."

The two men strolled listlessly toward the door of the main room, where the defenders stood eying them. Frank puzzlement was written large upon their faces as Upton unbared the door, letting Kynaston out upon the smooth four-hundred-yard stretch of grass that spread from the door step to the stream, grass that had been laboriously planted by hand through two generations.

Below them the land sloped away to the east, a riot of gold and red, pearl and opal, and that curious dun-brown that one sees in the southwest and nowhere else on earth.

Looking out before he shut the door again, Upton saw, a mile away, a column of red dust swirl up to the amethystine sky and heard a series of long, joyous yells that cut the desert silences like a knife. Yell after yell broke out, then firing, and then more yells.

"That'll be the arrival of the reinforcements they spoke of," said Kynaston. "I'm off, old man. Adios! Give my love to—your—daughter."

Upton frankly choked as he watched the younger man swing off down the hill.

Steadily Kynaston tramped down across the dead olive-green of the parched alfalfa patch, skirted the dead brown of the sugar cane, paused to wave his hand to the old miner, and then—disappeared from view among the cottonwoods.

Upton, sighing, turned back to the house. He tramped through the great room amid a great silence. Men turned from their loopholes, scanned his face, and furtively fell to rubbing

spotless rifle-belts with their shirt-sleeves. They saw in his face such grief as is above mere words, and, after the manner of the southwest, respected it.

Dorothy and Mrs. Fane were found in the back room. They knew, or suspected, Mrs. Fane was sitting in a chair at the head of the table, her face in her hands, frankly weeping, with her arms spread upon the table, her beautiful figure racked with sobs.

Dorothy, a mixture of fire and ice, stood by the window, which was closed and barred, confronting Mr. Wilkes, who fairly cringed before the concentrated fury in her eyes.

"I say it was a shame—a shame!" she cried. "What if he did kill him? Did they not try to kill him first, and have they not stolen first from us, and for two days now tried to kill us all? Did he not peril his life to get us water? Did he not cross the line and risk his life and, more than his life, his reputation as a soldier to help us?"

"What must he think of us? To have us accept such a sacrifice from him? Oh, father, I cannot stand it! Marion, say something!"

But Marion was long past saying anything that could be of even the smallest comfort. It was Mr. Upton who said slowly:

"We did the best we could, daughter. We are but human, after all. Neither Kynaston nor I were sure



"Have You Come From the House Yonder, Senor?"

which of us shot the man. Anyway, they promised us immunity if the man who killed their leader should give himself up to trial by court-martial."

"Which means death," interjected Dorothy scornfully.

"And as we could not tell which of us—he or I—it was who did the killing, we played a hand of poker to decide. That was what we were doing when you came in."

"Gambled away a life!" ejaculated the horrified girl.

"And you mean that this—she picked up the cards lying on the table—this was the price of his life?"

The tears were running down her cheeks like rain.

"And you had—What did you have, father?"

"Three facks—and—"

The old miner never finished his sentence.

He started back from the table as if a coiled rattlesnake lay within a foot of his face; for his daughter had dropped the hand that had saved his life and had turned up the hand that Kynaston had thrown so scornfully in the middle of the table, disclosing to his horrified eyes—four nines!

CHAPTER VII.

A Contest of Wits.

Dusk was slowly drawing down as Kynaston left the house. Below him in the camp of the attackers excitement was rife. Serious as was his predicament, he could not help speculating on the cause of it. Anything, even the most trivial thing, might turn the scale in his favor, and he did not mean to miss the slightest chance.

He knew right well that, given the chance, Upton would get his party out and across the border to the place where the cavalry had camped. He also knew right well that the old miner would leave no stone unturned to help him. If he could gain thirty-six hours at most and then manage to escape, he might still win out.

He was by no means hopeless, though well-nigh desperate, as he drew down from the higher ground to the

WOMEN ON THE RACE COURSE

In Years Gone By Many Have Shown Skill in Piloting Their Horses to Victory.

The lady who recently shocked the national hunt committee of England by applying for a jockey's license can quote precedents in support of her application. In recent years several races have been gained in America by female jockeys. One of these, Miss Mary Mooney, crossed the Atlantic in 1908 and vainly tried to get a license from the French Jockey club.

Then there is the case of Mrs. Thornton, who, in the early years of the nineteenth century, used to ride her husband's racehorses. She made her debut as a jockey by riding a

camp, well sheltered in the valley. He saw that more men were coming in—presumably the talked-of reinforcements.

They saw him as he came down the hill and entered the flat on which the camp lay. The horsemen, in a madly yelling crowd swept forward toward him, lariat whirling, horses frantically encircling about him, their riders striving to see who should be the first to get a rope about the neck of the accused gringo.

Mercifully he forestalled their attempts by backing up against a tall mesquit bush so that the loops of their lariats could not settle about his neck. Seeing his intention they voiced their disapproval in a renewed outburst of yells.

Further designs upon him were prevented by the opportune arrival of an officer, who dispersed the crowd by the simple process of beating them about the heads with a stick.

"Have you come from the house yonder, senor?"

"Yes. And I claim proper treatment from you, sir. You can hardly claim to treat people in your power decently when your troops are as out of hand as that."

"I will take you to El General Obispo, senor," said the officer courteously. "For your own sake, I warn you, do not anger him. His temper is a trifle uncertain, owing to his having to undergo severe privations for the past week."

A sentry slept in the doorway. From the interior came the smell of a meal that had evidently just been served.

Following his guide, Kynaston entered. El General Obispo, a squat little man, whose high cheek bones and full lips betokened his Indian ancestry, looked up from the supper which he was eating by the simple process of stuffing as much corn secos in his mouth as that organ would hold, and then cutting off the balance with a none too clean knife.

El general growled out a question. The officer explained who Kynaston was. In answer the general rose hastily from the table, spat the meat from his mouth, and began such a furious tirade of scurrilous epithets as to become nearly epileptic. Kynaston stood silent.

"Take him away! Place him in the cuartel till a consejo de guerra (court-martial) can decide what the fate shall be of any accused gringo who dares kill one of our gallant soldiers! Here!"

He tossed a paper to the officer.

"Let him see, captain, that even in his own accursed country, where the pigs walk on their hind legs and talk and act as if they were indeed men, they are beginning to see that the revolutionary forces of our land are not to be withstood—the court-martial will meet tomorrow afternoon."

"He is in a better humor than I thought," said the officer to Kynaston. "El viejo diablo (the old devil) gave you the paper, senor, not because he wished you to read it, but because he himself cannot read, and wished to impose upon you—here is the cuartel. Can I send you some blankets? I fear the house will not be so comfortable as I might wish—Hola, there, hombres! A guard for the Americano!"

And before he even realized that he was indeed a prisoner, Kynaston found himself shoved inside the dirty interior, the door closed and a guard set outside.

Kynaston, seeing that he might as well take things coolly, seated himself on a blanket that a peon threw in the door, took the paper from his pocket and disposed himself to read.

The very first thing that caught his eye was a six-column display head:

ARMY OFFICER DISAPPEARS SO DOES PRICELESS GEM

There followed a garbled account of the arrival of the Emerald Bell in Kynaston's camp. A still more garbled account of how it came into northern Mexico. The account of the gallant fight made by the prisoners he had left in his camp told plainly enough the source of the story.

The article stated that, acting on information received from a Mexican prisoner who had been outrageously abused by the army officer who had captured him, the Tarryville Argus had dispatched a special correspondent to the camp of the United States troops.

There he found Major Updyke, who with visible reluctance had substantiated the story about the Jewel.

Kynaston lays his hand on the little automatic pistol in his boot-leg. He feels certain the end has come, but fears that he will be tortured by the savages for hours or days before death is meted out to him. In his place, would you shoot the general and others at the federal court-martial and try to get away, or would you stay and face torture, hoping the sacrifice would mean the safety of the besieged Americans?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Daily Thought.

Never speak ill of a person unless you are sure of your fact; and, even if you could swear to it, ask yourself: Why do I make it known?—Lavater.

match at York for \$5,000 over a four-mile course.

On this occasion she lost, but subsequent ventures proved more successful, her turf career being closed by a match over five miles, which she won by half a neck. Mrs. Thornton's racing costume was somewhat startling—purple cap and tunic, long nankin skirts, purple shoes and embroidered stockings.

Culinary Mechanics.

"What art them kitchenettes I hear tell of in the cities?" asked Deacon Hyperbole Medders, the somewhat honest agriculturist.

"They're the places, Uncle Hy," explained Upton Downs, his city nephew, "in which are molded or cast or somehow produced a flat-dweller's daily round of mealettes."—Judge.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery

Their Care and Cultivation



White House Orchids—This Building Is Devoted to Prize Orchids for the President and Family.

TOO MUCH WATER KILLS PLANTS

By LIMA R. ROSE.

More plants in the window garden are killed every year by overwatering than in any other way. Some persons labor under the delusion that water must be applied daily, and the consequence is their plants are literally drowned out, unless they happen to have the best drainage.

Others go on the "little-and-often" plan—that is, they apply water in small quantities whenever they happen to think of it.

The result is the surface of the soil is kept moist and from this the owner takes it for granted that the soil beneath must be properly damp.

Nine times out of ten examination will show that an inch or two below the surface the soil is dry. Of course the roots of the plants cannot do their work under such conditions. The plant soon sickens and eventually dies and the owner wonders what caused the trouble.

Now, in watering plants several things have to be considered. First, the nature of the plant. Some like a good deal of water, others only a moderate amount.

Second, the soil. A close, loamy soil dries out slowly, therefore it will not require as frequent or as large applications as a light porous, soil from which moisture evaporates rapidly.

Third, location and exposure must be taken into consideration. Plants in the sun or a very warm place, will need a good deal more water than those in full or partial shade or a low temperature.

Fourth, the size of the pot must be reckoned with. The soil in a large pot will not dry out for two or three days, but the soil in a small pot will become quite dry every day.

Fifth, a dormant plant requires but little water. It is not in a condition to make use of much water and an oversupply of it will surely result in harm. When the plant begins to grow then increase the quantity and proportion to the development made.

All these things must receive due consideration by the amateur who would know how to care for his or her plants intelligently.

Study them. Experiment with them. In this way you soon become familiar with the individuality of each one and you will be able to give to each the care it needs.

We are often asked for some rules for watering plants. It is impossible to make any rule that can be followed strictly.

The only rule I have ever been able to give is this: When the surface of the soil looks dry, water. Use enough to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot.

You can tell about this by the escape of some at the bottom of the pot. Then wait until the dry look appears on the surface again and apply water as before.

But, as I have said, one will have to modify this rule to fit the conditions. It is a general rule, subject to such change as may appear necessary to the intelligent plant grower, who does not believe in treating all the plants exactly alike.

Give fertilizers to growing plants only. A plant standing still needs none and will be injured by the applications of the food it is not in condition to make use of.

POSSIBILITIES OF CACTI

The peculiar growth of cacti and its possibilities of form and richness of effect are all too little appreciated.

There are many different types of cacti, the leafy-stemmed variety, called phyllocactus, is one of the most popular, produces magnificent flowers and the plant is handsome during all the seasons.

One of this group, the Queen cactus, is often mistaken for the night-blooming cereus. The flowers are smaller, however, and the blossoms have a delightful odor. It blooms at night.

Then there is the humming-bird or lobster cactus which should be seen to be appreciated. The entire plant is covered with buds depending from the ends, which resembles the tiny bird in flight. The blossom is an exquisite combination of pink and white and blooms for weeks if not exposed to too much heat.

The cereus type is suitable for the hanging basket and is one of the best spring bloomers. It requires a sandy soil.

As soon as the tiny red blooms appear water freely and give the plant plenty of sunshine. Apply liquid manure once a week during the growing season. It is as beneficial to cacti as it is to geranium.

If you have never tried growing cacti its peculiar growth and wealth of bloom will be a subject of interest to you.—G. T. F.

WORK ON THE LAWN

How are the lawn and home grounds in general? Are they all that should make summer home life enjoyable and a pleasing sight to the passer-by?

If the lawn is patchy and bare in spots, keep on seeding it the whole summer through; the seed will finally catch and fill up the bare places.

White clover is a fine lawn plant, but many find that it dies out after a few years. White clover, as all the clovers, is a biennial, completely dying after the second year. If the lawn is kept closely clipped, white clover seed should be sown each fall or spring to insure a permanent stand.

The same result may be secured by not mowing in the fall, allowing the plants to blossom and seed.

PLAN FOR BEAUTY

Plan for beauty, then work unceasingly for the plan.

Have grass and shrubbery in the back, rather than rubbish.

Hardy azaleas are among our most brilliant, hardy shrubs.

All the spiraea, herbaceous or shrub, are beautiful and hardy.

Let your kitchen window be a picture frame. Let the picture frame be green things growing.

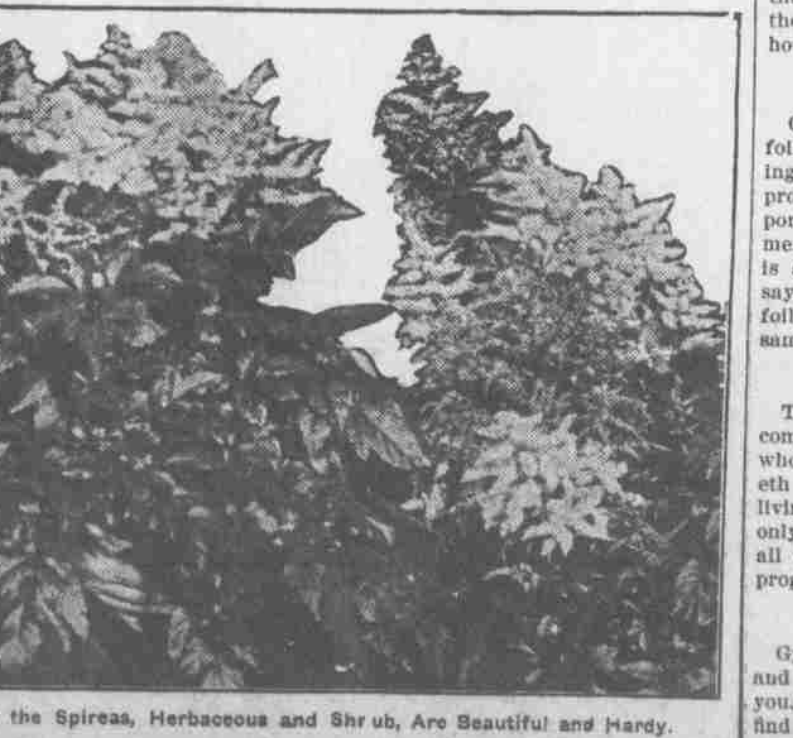
Let the green things be something beside burdock, jimson weeds or cockle burrs.

Plant to screen the ugly views from the back door. Vines will do it.

Get a root of the trumpet-creeper from the woods and plant it in the back yard.

Set a strong stake beside it, and keep the vine cut back until the "shrub" habit is formed. It is beautiful.

The trumpet-creeper will not spread unless you cut its roots. When you do you won't have to import any more.



All the Spiraea, Herbaceous and Shrub, Are Beautiful and Hardy.

QUEER QUALITY OF MODESTY

Little Dissertation on One of the Strangest Attributes Known to the Human Race.

Modesty is a quality mainly noticeable in folks who would lose by having attention called to themselves.

The most modest man we know has two or three other names on his waiting list, and there are, oh! so many places he can't go at all.

Greatness is characterized by a tendency to efface oneself. This is true of great modesty also. The man we know who claims the most modesty has one of the sorts of modesty that has effaced itself so utterly it must be very great modesty. One wouldn't notice that man's modesty at all unless one's attention were called to it, as it is sure to be by the owner thereof.

The girl with ankles too thick or too thin is modest about them. She doesn't care much what color of hose she wears, and she keeps her skirts low. Also, if her neck and shoulders are scrappy she thinks these one-more-struggle-and-I-am-free gowns are modest. In fact, she is sure of it. We have it on good authority that the homeliest of the Turkish women are the ones who manage to maintain the custom of going about veiled to the eyes.

Animals are not expected to be modest, and think nothing about those things, so they are comparatively happy. They escape modesty while they live and bellow when they die.

Some people are not modest about telling of their ability, but are extremely modest about displaying it after they get the job. Their modesty vanishes again, temporarily, at each pay day.

Synonyms for modesty are self-defense, timidity, laziness, hope-of-attracting-attention-to-one-self-by-pretending-to-be-so, etc.

We know absolutely nothing of modesty, except by hearsay.—Judge.

Repairing Steel Rods.

A broken steel rod may frequently be repaired by a very simple process. Usually the ends of the tube where broken have become somewhat pinched or distorted. If this is the case insert the tang of a file or any other convenient tool in the opening and by running around and around the circular cross-section can be restored. A pair of pliers judiciously used may help in this operation. Then with the file smooth the face of the break square across. Take a piece of wire slightly larger than the interior of the tube and file it to tight fit. Heat the broken end of the tube so as to expand it slightly. It need not be heated so much as to destroy the temper. A very moderate heat will expand it considerably. Warm one end of the prepared wire. Cover it with a bit of solder and while the latter is still soft push the wire down into the tube for half its length. Repeat with the other side of the break. A drop of the solder run around where the two ends of the break come together will make all smooth and complete the repairs.—Outer's Book.

From the Top of a Hill.

Never shall I forget the panorama that spread before us! The four thin ranks of the second company seemed to stagger drunkenly through a sea of green fire and smoke. One moment gaps showed in the lines, only to be closed again as the rear files spurred. Undoubtedly they ran at top speed, but to us watchers they seemed to crawl, and at times almost to stop. Mixed in with the dark green of the grass covering the valley were rows of lighter color, telling of the men who fell in that mad sprint. The continuous bombardment sounded like a giant drum beating an incredibly swift rattle-plan. Along the whole length of our hill this curtain of shells was dropping, leveling the forest, and seemingly beating off the very face of the hill itself, clear down to the bottom of the valley. Owing to the proximity of our troops to the enemy's batteries, we received hardly any support from our own big guns, and the role of the combatants was entirely reversed. The Germans had their intentions then, and full well they worked.—E. Morlae, in the Atlantic.

Feathered Refugees.

Never has Paris seen so many swallows as have appeared since war began. Everywhere one sees them—among trees on the boulevards, in the public gardens, flying about the garages of Notre Dame. It is strange to see these birds, whom one associates with fields and the plain country, darting in and out among the traffic of a city's streets; they do not seem to belong, as an American said to me. They are refugees of the air, chased from their ancient haunts by the roar of cannon and the noise of battle in Belgium and the north of France. When the cry of the northern spring brought them back from their pilgrimage in sunny lands, it was to find their old nests destroyed, their old landmarks lost, and in the air a horrid clamor of terrifying sounds. So they emigrated en masse, and many thousands of them have found a new home in green Paris of the trees.

Substitute for Tinfoil.

One of the Breslau (Germany) tinfoil factories has succeeded in providing a substitute for that commodity by producing zincfoil, according to a report rendered the department of commerce by Consul Harry G. Seltzer, who is at Breslau. The new product, he says, cannot be distinguished from tinfoil, and is supposed to render the same service.—New York Times.

Becoming.

The process of overcoming, of becoming, is no light achievement. The whole creation groans and travails in the task. In this warfare all living things are engaged; not man only, not the kindlier beasts only, but all that is capable of pain, that is of progress.

Satisfied.

Gypsy—"Cross my palm with silver and I will find out your husband for you." Lady—"Thanks awfully; but I find him out quite enough already."

WESTERN CANADA AND THE LAND-HUNGRY

It Is Essentially an Agricultural Country.

West of Canada is the alien of the land-hungry man who wishes to earn a good living from the soil and save up money to take care of him in his old age without paying a fancy price for the privilege.

Western Canada is the great wheat producing section of the North American continent, with an average production of more than 30 bushels to the acre as compared with an average of 17 bushels to the acre in the States.

Wheat raising can hardly be made profitable on land that costs from \$39 an acre up unless such land will produce a much higher than a 17 bushel average, or unless the price of the cereal reaches an excessive figure.

The initial investment of \$50 an acre is more than the average man can afford to make if he expects to raise wheat and to make a success of it.

A good homestead of 150 acres can still be secured free in Western Canada and additional land admirably suited to the raising of wheat can be secured at so low a cost per acre that it can be made extremely profitable.

No other part of the world offers such tremendous opportunities at the present time to the ambitious young farmer as the three great provinces of Western Canada.

It is worth the while of the land-hungry man to cease his depressing search for local cheap land or for land that is not entirely worked out by long cropping and to look outside his own district. Western Canada is a country that should receive the consideration of all such men. The Western Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are essentially agricultural territories.

Out of 478 million acres there are 180 million acres of first-class agricultural land actually available for development—a block three and a half times as large as the total land area of Minnesota, and equal to the combined land areas of Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois and Indiana.

But whereas the population of the five states mentioned is fifteen million people, the population of Western Canada is only about one and three-quarter millions.

It has been said that the average yield per acre of wheat in the United States last year was 17 bushels. This average does not, of course, represent the efficiency which may have been reached by individual farmers or by individual states. However, place against this figure the fact that the 1915 Western Canadian average—the average from nearly twelve million acres—was over 30 bushels. In the case of the Province of Alberta, the average reached 32.84 bushels per acre.

There are already a large number of American farmers in Western Canada, so that the newcomer could never—overlooking the fact that the same language is spoken—feel himself in an alien country. There seems, in fact, a tendency to establish little colonies composed of those coming from the same sections. The characteristics of the country, and the climate and season, are very much the same as in Minnesota or North Dakota.